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## BAPTISTS PLANNING FOR THREE DAY MEETING AT MUD CREEK.

First of Adjourned Meetings of Carolina Baptist Association to be Held at Mud Creek.

To the Baptist Pastors and Churches of the Carolina Association:

Following is the program for the first adjourned meeting of the Carolina Association which program was printed in last week's Democrat. Please bring this program to the attention of your church the first meeting after this notice and ask your church to send at least six delegates, three of whom should be ladies. Ask some of your young people to attend. You will notice from the program that not only have some of the ablest speakers in the Southern Baptist Convention been secured, but ample provision has been made for singing and open discussion. For your own sake, and for the sake of the cause so dear to us all, don't fail to attend.

K. W. CAWTHON,  
For the Executive Board.

When the Carolina Baptist association recently met in annual session at Balfour it decided to awaken interest in the associational work by holding three adjourned meetings.

The arrangement for these meetings was placed in the hands of the executive committee.

The first meeting has been arranged for Mud Creek church from January 7 through the 9th.

An interesting program has been arranged as will be seen by the following announcement of the committee:

Program prepared by Rev. K. W. Cawthon, at the request of the Executive Committee of the association.

### Friday.

10:00 a. m. Called to order by the Moderator of the association.

10:30 to 11:00 a. m. Devotional half hour with Scriptural Exposition of fifteen minutes. United Prayer for all our work. T. C. King.

10:30 to 11:00. Intermission.

11:00 a. m. Sermon, Dr. Calvin B. Waller.

12:15 p. m. Adjourn for dinner on the grounds.

1:30 to 2:30 p. m. Praise and Song Service. Leader, Prof. Wilkie of Pleasant Hill.

2:30 to 3:30 p. m. Address on State Missions, W. R. Bradshaw.

3:30 p. m. Announcements.

7:30 p. m. Round Table and Free open discussion, Leader, Dr. C. B. Waller.

### Saturday.

10 a. m. to 10:30 a. m. Devotional half hour with Scriptural Exposition, J. R. Liber.

10:30 to 11:00 a. m. Intermission.

11:00 a. m. to 12:00 a. m. Address on Home Missions, Dr. V. I. Masters.

12:15 a. m. Adjourn for dinner on the grounds.

1:30 to 2:30 p. m. Song and Praise Service. Leader, Prof. Wilkie of Pleasant Hill.

2:30 to 3:30 p. m. Round Table and Free open discussion, Leader, Dr. V. I. Masters.

3:30 p. m. Announcements.

7:30 p. m. Address on Foreign Missions, Dr. C. J. Thompson.

### Sunday.

10:00 a. m. Sunday school.

11:00 a. m. Sermon, Dr. V. I. Masters.

3:00 p. m. Round Table and Free Open Discussion, Dr. V. I. Masters.

7:30 p. m. Testimony meeting, W. W. Marr.

Second Meeting—Saluda, Friday before the first Sunday in April. Program announced later.

Third Meeting—Horse Shoe, Friday before the first Sunday in July. Program announced later.

Annual Meeting—Refuge, Wednesday before the first Sunday in October.

## BLACK JAKIE'S CHRISTMAS

Charles Arthur Leslie

THE soft, fleecy snow, floating down straight from the heavens, melted as quickly as it struck the sidewalks and turned into mud under the hurrying feet of the thousands of late Christmas shoppers.

Black Jakie stood in the shelter afforded by the elevated road pillar, his threadbare raincoat drawn tightly about him, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, as he gently tapped first one foot and then the other on the wet pavement. Not that Jakie was cold, but his shoes had worn quite thin, and the dirty, brown slush had sought out all the little cracks through which it might seep and find a comfortable haven.

"S' going to be a lean Christmas for me," Jakie sighed reflectively to the gleaming lights of Broadway. "Awful lean."

In his pocket he jingled his one lone quarter against the key of his cheap Sixth avenue room and smiled as he thought of the days when he had jingled gold coins. In those days the racing game had been good, and Jakie was one of the best-known bookies at Sheephead. Then he had been affluent. He had dressed in the height of ultra-fashion and radiated with that ready-money look.

The dying out of the racing sport and too frequent trips to the bar had left Jakie stranded, without a friend in the world.

Silently and moodily Jakie reflected on his hard lot. His chin, with its two-day growth of heavy black beard, that same heavy beard which had al-



Yes, It Must Be She.

ways shone through his pallid skin and had earned for him his cognomen of Black Jakie, trembled a little, and the thin, blue lips pulsated with low-muttered maledictions heaped upon the world in general. The sporting element soon forgets old pals down on their luck, he reflected.

Nervously scanning the faces of shoppers emerging from the doorway of a department store, Jakie's face lighted up as he saw a petite figure laden with many bundles start across the sidewalk. Marie Lecourt! Yes, it must be she. Marie, the prettiest girl in the Follies chorus. Should he speak to her? Perhaps she would have at least a kind word for the fellow who had bought her many dinners at swell cafes and had lavished his money on her when he had it. Instinctively he started forward, his hand on his ancient velvet hat, the one relic of palmy days.

But almost as he started he checked himself. No, it would be better not to speak to Marie, for she, like all the rest of the old crowd, would turn him down, would refuse to speak to a bum.

He stepped back to the shelter of the elevated pillar just as Marie turned to cross the street. Her bright eyes twinkling with good cheer, she came up quite close to Jakie. Suddenly a flash of recognition crossed her countenance and she almost dropped her packages as she rushed forward.

"Jakie," she cried, "is it really you? Where have you been? What are you doing here and where are you going?"

Before Jakie could think of an answer to the questions which called for a recital of almost his entire life's history, she went on:

"For goodness' sake, Jakie, you look a sight! What's the idea of all this poor-folksy makeup? Is it a stall or are you really forced to wear them?"

"Forced is right," replied Jakie. "I'm broke. I saw you as you came

out of the store, but I didn't know whether you would want to speak to me or not."

"Silly," laughed Marie. "Want to speak to my old pal? Of course I do. And now that I have seen you we are going to have a good, old-fashioned chat, but we can't stand here in this wet and talk. I am living with my married sister now and just came downtown for a few things to hang on the kiddies' tree. Come on up and help us fix the things."

Jakie thanked her, but remonstrated that his attire was scarcely suitable for an evening call. Marie insisted that his clothes made no difference to her and that her sister would surely think the same. Anyway, no matter what her sister might think, Jakie was her friend, and that settled it.

They walked to Fourth avenue and took the subway to Harlem. Jakie insisting on spending ten cents of his precious quarter for the carfare, although Marie had tried to shove a dime into his hand.

On the way up Jakie told his story, laying the blame on hard luck and the state officials who had put racing on the bum.

Marie listened with quiet attention, nodding her head here and there and interjecting a question now and then as the ex-bookie seemed about to drift away from his story.

Jakie was introduced to Maude and John, her husband. They were either too busy decorating a tiny Christmas tree on a stand in the corner of the room or else they didn't care, for neither evinced disapproval of Jakie.

He was made to feel at home in the little family circle, and entered with keen enjoyment the work of trimming the tree and arranging the presents for the two children fast asleep in the next room.

The final arrangement completed, Maude and her husband took a last peek at the sleeping kiddies and called Jakie to see them.

As the little group stood in the doorway Jakie noticed that John put his arm about Maude's waist and that the light in Maude's eyes shone with peculiar brilliance as she snuggled closer. It was a picture of domestic love and felicity and it touched Jakie deeply.

John and Maude having retired for the night, Jakie and Marie were left alone in the parlor.

Seated before the fireplace, where the gas log was throwing forth a cheery heat, Jakie asked Marie about herself.

She had left the chorus and all her former gay companions and was now employed in a millinery establishment.

"What's the matter with the show game?" asked Jakie. "Too fast for you?"

"Yes, Jakie. Somehow or other I couldn't let myself drift like the others had, and when I came up here to live with Maude and John and the kids, well, they didn't think it was the best thing for the kids to have their aunt in the chorus. Not that they objected to the chorus part of it, but then there are so many other things that go with it. The gay company, the loose way of living and things of that sort."

"So you cut it out for the sake of the kids?"

"Yes, for the kids and for my own sake. I was becoming tired of the life, and the home life here seemed to touch something in me and make me want to live right. There is nothing in that fast life, Jakie; the right way is the only way. You may prosper for a time on the wrong road, but sooner or later you come to grief."

Yes, she was right. Jakie knew. The wrong way had dragged him down. Drink and loose companions had brought him to his present level.

For a long time he sat and gazed at the fire. When next he spoke there was a tenderness in his voice such as had never been there before.

"Say, Marie," he said, "do you think you could help me get on the right track, the honest road? I want to try. I see how happy you are and what a change it has made in you. I am going to try."

Tenderly she put her hand on his arm. "I am glad that you will try. You know I always liked you, Jakie. Somehow you were different from the rest of the old crowd, for you were always a gentleman in your manner. You would never stand for the real rough stuff."

"That's the kindest thing I have heard for two years," said Jakie slowly, as he patted the small hand that still lay on his arm.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair as a thought seized him.

"Marie," he asked tenderly, "is there any fellow, right now, that you think a lot of? You know the way I mean."

"No, Jakie, not now," she answered slowly, as she understood why he asked. Then she added, "but there might be if—"

"If he were a right-living sort of fellow?" broke in Jakie.

"Yes."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve.

"Gee, it's Christmas morning," sighed Jakie.

"Yes, Christmas," breathed Marie softly.

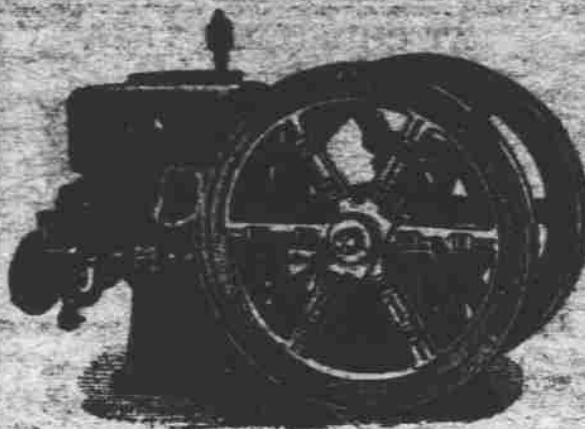
"Could you—do you think, will you wait until—well, until I can get on the right track?"

She nodded her head in silence. Jakie put his arm around her waist and drew her head to his shoulder.

"You do care, Marie?" he whispered. Again she nodded and then turned her lips to his.

"My Christmas present," said Jakie softly, "the best little girl in the world."

"And mine," added Marie, "is the man that is to be."



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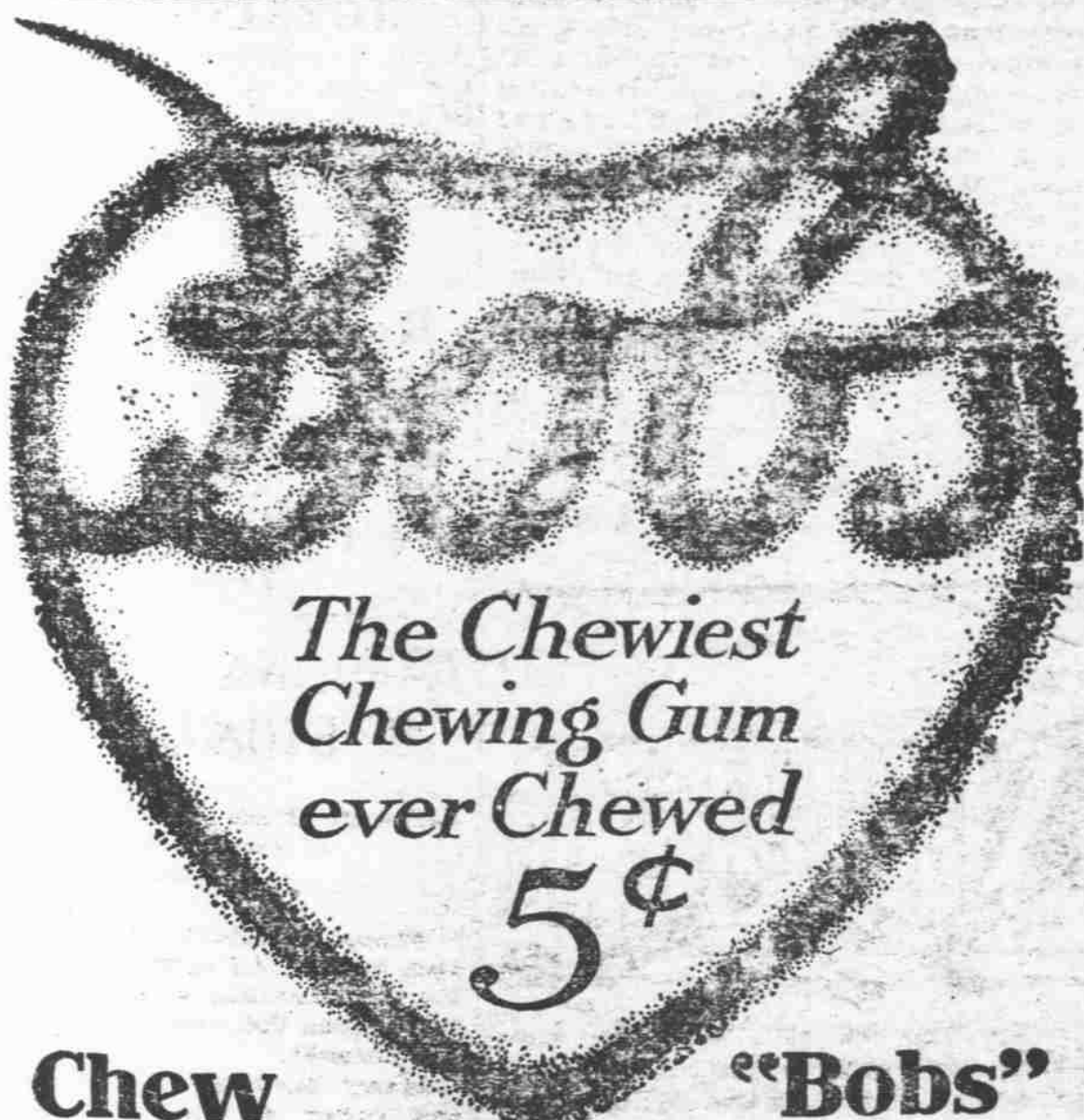
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